

Getting Used to It

by The Queen of Valencia Torgue

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-01-13 21:06:42

Updated: 2014-01-13 21:06:42

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:28:01

Rating: K+

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,184

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Written for The Blue Fury as part of the Berk's Grapevine Secret Odin event. Hiccup and Astrid have gone through a lot in their relationship. Will they ever get used to it? Oneshot.

Getting Used to It

****Hello! This piece of fanfiction is dedicated expressly to Jack, aka The Blue Fury. It was written for the Secret Odin gift exchange on Berk's Grapevine. Happy Snoggletog, Jack!****

* * *

><p>"Is it always going to be like this?" he asked her, rubbing the arm she had just punched.

_In reply, she pulled him in for a kiss. _

"_I could get used to it," he admitted upon its conclusion, flashing her the crooked smile that she loved so much._

* * *

><p>"Astrid..."<p>

"What?" She was glaring at him, upset at the fact that he wouldn't tell her where he had been the last couple days.

"I'm sorry I missed your birthday."

In reply, she punched him in the armâ€"hard.

"I deserve that," he said. "It took me longer than I thought it would to make your birthday present."

"Birthday present?" She was still glaring, but he could tell that she was curious.

"Close your eyes."

Shooting him a suspicious look, she did as he asked. He took out the arm band that he had made her out of iron and Nadder scales and slipped it over her wrist.

Opening her eyes, she held up her arm to admire the band. "Hiccup, it's beautiful."

"So are you," he told her, earning himself another punch. But unlike the first one, this was quickly followed by a kiss.

After what felt like an eternity, they broke apart.

Astrid looked down at the bracelet again. "You know," she said, smiling up at him. "I could get used to this."

Pulling her back into the kiss was his way of showing his agreement.

* * *

><p>"He's so small..." Hiccup said, looking at the infant in his arms.<p>

"...And?" Astrid prompted, recognizing the inconclusiveness of the statement.

Her husband looked up at her. "Are all babies this ugly to start with?"

The question earned him two punches, one from his wife and one from her older sister, Hilde. After Hilde reclaimed her ugly infant from her brother-in-law, Hiccup and Astrid found themselves out in the night, walking back to their house.

"You know, you really shouldn't say things like that to my sister. She's never going to let you forget it," Astrid chided Hiccup, who just shrugged.

"It was a legitimate question. I don't have much experience with little kids." He glanced down at his wife's gently curving belly. "I suppose that's going to change pretty soon though."

"You better believe it," Astrid said, punching him lightly on the arm. "And no matter how ugly our offspring turns out to be, you are not to say a word about it."

"Cross my heart," Hiccup promised. "It will just take some getting used to."

"Well, we can get used to it together," Astrid smiled. They soon found their progress home impeded. After all, it's hard to walk and snog at the same time.

* * *

><p>"What were you thinking?" Astrid exclaimed, dabbing a wet cloth at the wound in her husband's side. "We're not kids

anymore."<p>

Hiccup winced as she cleaned the blood away, grasping the bed frame for support. "It was the Romans. This is the farthest north I've ever seen them. Astrid, they kill the dragons for sport. I couldn't just let them sail away. The dragon population is declining as it is."

Astrid sighed, pulling out a bandage and beginning to wrap Hiccup's ribs. "I know. But still, next time, just torch the ships. No hand-to-hand combat. Okay?"

When he didn't reply, she punched him gently on the arm. "Say, "Okay, Astrid.""

He sighed, grinning wearily at his wife, leaning up to push a lock of hair behind her ear. "Okay, Astrid." His hand lingered at her head, and before she knew it, they were kissing.

"Besides," he said when they broke apart. "I need practice getting used to this."

* * *

><p>He had promised himself that he wouldn't cry, but this was his oldest daughter. He couldn't just marry her off without shedding a few tears. Standing beside him, Astrid elbowed his arm. He sniffed loudly, trying to catch his breath. "Sorry," he told everyone gathered, then made the mistake of glancing down at his daughter and her almost-husband, kneeling in front of him. After all, as chief, he was supposed to be officiating. But the sight of his daughter gazing lovingly at her fiancée was too much. He shoved the register into the hands of the father of the groom and fell into Astrid's arms, sobbing loudly.<p>

"Dad!" his daughter said, not knowing if she should laugh or be concerned.

"Hu-husband and wifeâ€" Hiccup gasped out, before collapsing into another round of sobs.

Astrid rolled her eyes, patting her husband on the back and smiled at her daughter and new son-in-law. "You may now kiss the bride," she told him. He did so, and the congregation erupted in cheering.

As the new couple walked through the crowd, Hiccup struggled to regain composure.

Astrid looked up at him, amused. "Who knew you would be such a baby when it comes to weddings?"

"Can't help it," he sniffed. "She's our little girl, Astrid."

Astrid rolled her eyes again, still smiling. "It's not like she's moving away. And we have three other daughters, remember that."

Hiccup shuddered at the thought. "I'm making someone else officiate next time. No way I'm getting used to this."

Astrid laughed, then kissed him.

* * *

><p>The snow was getting thicker, making it harder to see in front of them.<p>

"I think we might be lost," Astrid shivered.

Hiccup said nothing, hunched into the driving wind, his wife clinging to his side. The steps they took were small and shuffling. They had gone out for a winter picnic in a moment of youthful abandon. Neither one of them was particularly agile these days. Most of their time was spent sitting and visiting with their kids, grandkids, neighbors, friends, and of course, each other. Their oldest son had taken over as chief about five years ago, and they were enjoying a quiet retirement together. Toothless had stayed home today, not wanting to venture out into the cold, so it was just the two of them. And as much as he hated to admit it, Hiccup thought Astrid might be right.

After half an hour more of plodding through the blizzard, they took shelter between a boulder and a fallen tree, out of the wind. Huddling together for warmth, they sat with their arms around each other.

"Why didn't we move somewhere warmer again?" Astrid's teeth chattered.

Hiccup shrugged. "Grandkids."

"Ah." They sat in silence for a while, comfortable with each others company. Finally, Astrid patted Hiccup on the arm. Looking down at her hand on his arm, Hiccup smiled.

"Is it always going to be like this?" he asked her.

With a gentle smile of her own, she drew him down into a kiss.

"You know what?" he told her, tightening his arms around her.

"What?" she asked, leaning into him, her hair white against his brown vest.

"I think I've gotten used to it."

Laughing, she kissed him again. And then, arms around each other, they fell asleep, together until the very end.

End
file.